

# THE DOLLAR WEEKLY BULLETIN.

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MAYSVILLE, KY., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1863.

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## THE BULLETIN.

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ROSS & ROSSER.

Editors and Proprietors.

MAYSVILLE, - - NOVEMBER, 12

For the Bulletin.

## Moments of Life.

There are moments when the sunlight,  
Gilds the hopes that sleep within,  
Fitting emblems of our childhood,  
When the heart seemed free from sin;  
As we pondered o'er the future  
With a calm and trusting smile,  
Fancying future scenes of beauty,  
Full of life and free from guile.

There are moments when discouraged  
By those cares which often come,  
Taking all the roses gathered  
In a journey just begun;  
When the spirit steeped in sadness  
Feels how weak and tasteless all,  
Are the charms which tempt the vision,  
Charms which beckon to enthrall.

But be it cloud, or sunshine  
Precious moments will they prove,  
However dark the field of action  
If its banner bear true love;  
And while hoping, living, acting,  
Strive to prize them as they fly—  
Ever holding up before us,  
That a moment comes to die!

Mayville, Nov. 4th, 1863. R. H. L.

## GOUGH'S APOTHECARY TO WATER.

Look at that, ye thirsty ones of earth! Behold it! See its purity! How it glistens, as though a mass of liquid gems! It is a beverage brewed by the hands of the Almighty Himself! Not in a simmering still, over smoky fires, choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded by the stench of sickening odors and rank corruptions, does our Father in Heaven prepare the precious essence of life, the pure cold water! But in the green glade and glassy dell, where the red deer wanders and the child loves to play—there God brews it. And down, down in the deepest valleys, where the fountains murmur and the rill sings; and high up in the mountain tops, where the naked granite glistens like gold in the sun, where the storm clouds brood and the thunder storms dash—and far away out on the wide sea, where the waves roar the chorus, sweeping the march of God—there he brews it, that beverage of life—health-giving water. And everywhere it is a thing of beauty—gleaming in the dewdrop, shining in the summer rain, shimmering in the ice-berg, till the trees all seemed turned into living jewels; spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, of the white gauze over the midnight moon, sporting in the cataracts, sleeping in the bright snow curtains, softly about the wintry world and weaving the many-colored iris, that seraph's zone of the sky, whose warp is the rainbow of earth, whose woof is the sunbeam flowers, all checked over with celestial flowers by the mystic hand of reflection. Still always, it is beautiful, that blessed life-water. No poison bubbles on the brink, its form brings no sad, no murder; no blood stains its limpid glasses, broken-hearted wives, pale widows and starving orphans shed no tears in its depths. No drunkard's shrieking ghost from the grave curses it in words of eternal despair. Beautiful, pure; blessed and glorious, give me forever the sparkling cold water.

## A Mother's Grave.

Earth has some sacred spots where we feel like loosening the shoes from our feet, and treading with holy reverence; where common words of pleasure are unfitting, places where friendship's hands have been pledged, prayers offered and tears of parting shed. Oh, how the travel back through immeasurable space to visit them. But of all the spots on the green earth, none is so sacred as that where the great, the good, the true, the loved and cherished, have passed on to the better portion of mankind have chosen the loved spots they have loved to wander at eventide and weep alone. But among the choral houses of the dead if there is one spot more sacred than the rest, it is a mother's grave, there sleeps the mother of our infancy—the whose heart was a stranger to every other feeling but love, and who could always find excuses for us when we could find none for ourselves. There she sleeps and we love the very earth for her sake.

The heart can never forget the object of its affection. The brow may wear a frown, and the eye may turn coldly on the loved object, but could the vision pierce through the casements of the heart, it would behold a different scene; in lieu of coldness, a red hot furnace would be raging in its center. And it is thus with the heart; can not forget; you may separate it from the body, but the body will roll on ere it behead its form—but at the first glance of recognition, the wrong, the insult, the scorn, the cruelty of vanished years will rush like a flood of lava through its channels, and it will stand on the same ground it occupied years before.

—Brigham Young has 60 children and a prospect of more.

## A Physician's Story.

I had been some years engaged in the practice of medicine. In one of our largest cities, before I met with any serious adventure. One night, as I was returning home, through a lonely, little-frequented part of the city, at a late hour, from a patient I had been with since noon of that day, and whom I was now permitted to leave by reason of a favorable change, I was suddenly stopped in a dark, gloomy, out-of-the-way spot, by a big, gruff, coarsely-dressed man:

"You're a doctor!" he both announced and inquired in the same words.

"I am."

"I want you to come with me, then!" he said, in a tone that indicated the matter was already settled in his mind, however it might be in mine.

"I cannot to night," I answered, with positive emphasis; "I am all wearied out, and anxious to get home."

"Yes, you doctors are all wearied out when a poor man calls you!" said the fellow, with a threatening growl; "but only let some snob's wife's poodle-dog need looking to, and you find your way there at any hour of the day or night. Well, I'm nosnob, thank Heaven, and I've got money enough to pay your fee. I've tried half a dozen doctors already, and none of them will come—and so, you see, I can't let you off."

"But, really—"

"See here, doctor," interrupted the fellow, producing a knife, and flashing the blade, by a quick flourish, before my eyes, "I'm a desperate man, and might be pushed to do a wicked deed. Every man sets a certain value on his best and dearest friend. You know how much your life's worth to you, and I know how much another's life is worth to me; and, 'fore Heaven, I swear, if you attempt to go and leave my friend to die, I'll put this knife into you!"

It was an open space where we stood, about half way between two blocks of new buildings, that were not yet tenanted. I looked up and down the dark street, but not a soul was in sight.

"Where do you wish me to go?" I inquired.

Oh, down here a piece, he said, jerking his thumb over his shoulder. Come on, before it's too late!

He passed his arm through mine, without so much as "by your leave," and began move away, of course taking me with him.

Is your friend a male or female? I inquired, pretending to feel perfectly at my ease, though I would have given a year's practice to have been safe at home.

She's a woman.

I breathed freer—for somehow I always experienced a degree of security among the opposite sex, even among the most depraved and abandoned.

What is the matter with her, and how long has she been ill? I questioned.

About three or four hours ago, she gave birth to a child that didn't live more'n a minute, and since then she's been having fits, was the reply.

Was there no physician with her when the child was born? I inquired.

No, I couldn't get one to her, for love or money. An old woman, a neighbor, came in, and did what she could. Do you think as how you can save her, Doctor? inquired, the man, in a husky tone.

I cannot say, of course—but I will promise to do the best I can.

Oh, do! do! and Heaven will bless you for it! he rejoined, in a tone that expressed a more deep and earnest feeling than I had supposed was in his nature.

I began to be interested; the man might be better than I had thought; some poor fellow, perhaps, who had been the foot-ball of fortune, and had not received his deserts.

Is this woman your wife? I kindly inquired.

I believe he heard me; but as he did not answer, I concluded not to repeat the question.

We soon turned into some small, mean, dark, narrow streets, where none but the poorer class live. We now walked forward in silence—the man, who still had hold of my arm, as if he were afraid I might otherwise give him the slip, taking long, rapid strides, and causing me no little exertion to keep step with him.

At length he turned into a dark court, where I could see nothing but a few dingy buildings on either hand; and I thought, if his object was to rob me, I was completely in his power. At the far end of this court he stopped, opened a door, and led me up a flight of creaking stairs, where I could see nothing at all. At the top of these stairs, we groped our way forward a few feet, and then he opened the door into the room of the patient. The apartment was small and plainly furnished, with a lamp standing on a little table not far from the bed. An old woman, who was leaning over the sufferer, looked quickly and eagerly around at our entrance, and, seeing me, exclaimed:

Is he a doctor?

Yes, yes, I've got a doctor at last, God be praised, if it ain't too late! replied the man, hurriedly; adding, almost in the same breath, How is she, Mary, how is she?

The old woman shook her head, and sighed out:

She is better I think, and I hope she can be saved, I replied.

Oh, Doctor, will you come again to-day? Yes, this afternoon, toward night, after I shall have got some sleep, and visited some few patients that cannot be neglected.

Don't desert us, Doctor! for God's sake, don't! fairly pleaded the man, with tears in his eyes.

I assured him I would not, gave him my address, and bade him send for me at any time, if a change should take place for the worse.

From that time the patient gradually mended, and in the course of a week was out of danger, and had her reason. I had seen her every day during this time, and had become not a little interested in her. She was not an ordinary woman. Her age I judged to be about twenty-five or six, and her features, though marked by suffering, were intellectual and still beautiful. Her hair was a light brown, soft almost to silkiness, and she had the sweetest blue eyes and prettiest mouth I ever beheld.

Her voice, too, had that rich mellowness which so captivate the ear, and her language denoted education, and her manners refinement.

Great was the contrast between this pretty, delicate flower, and the big coarse-featured, awkward, uneducated, and I must add, totally unimpressive Ralph Wagner; and though I fancied I could comprehend how such a man might love her to the whole extent of his rough, coarse nature, I confess I was at a loss to account for their reciprocity, if, indeed, there was any such thing. That his ardent attachment to her might excite some kind of sympathy—some emotion akin to pity, and perhaps gratitude—I thought possible, but that there should exist anything like true, mutual love, seemed as contrary to the laws of nature as for the doe to love the tiger. And yet how many such incongruities we see paired, if not mated—married by law, if not in spirit.

The day that I made what I intended should be my last visit, I found my fair patient sitting in a chair, and crying as if her heart would break. She was alone.

This is very bad for you to be exciting your nervous system in this manner!" I said, in a kindly, reproving tone. Has anything happened too serious for a little calm philosophy to master?

Oh, Doctor, she exclaimed, I am a poor miserable, heart-broken woman, alone and friendless!

Oh, not quite so bad as that, I think! I answered lightly. Where is your husband? This was the first time I had ever spoken the word husband to her; and I looked to see if she received it as a familiar unquestioned fact. She shuddered and covered her eyes with her hands.

Did you see in the papers this morning? she sobbed, the arrest of a notorious burglar, called Patent Hammersmith?

I think I did see something of the kind. That was none other than Ralph Wagner. Good Heaven! you amaze me! I cried. Your husband a burglar?

He is not my husband sobbed the good woman.

No?

Sit down, Doctor, and let me tell you a painful story in a few words; and then, if you can give me any good advice and sympathy, I shall receive it with gratitude; and if you scorn and cast me from you, I shall only find I was mistaken in supposing you had a heart.

I seated myself, and became all attention.

I was reared in affluence, she resumed, and for seventeen years was the pride and joy of fond parents. At seventeen I fell in with a man some years older than myself, whom I believed to be perfect in every respect. We corresponded afterward, met clandestinely, and at eighteen eloped with him. We were married, and were married, and then set off on a wedding tour. The man I had so wildly loved proved to be a blackhearted villain, and soon robbed me of all my money and jewels, and then deserted me in a strange city. He afterwards wrote me that the marriage was a sham, and that he had deceived me in that manner in order to revenge himself on my father for his insults.

A blank followed this awakening from a bright and glorious dream to a reality too horrible for an ordinary mind to contemplate. I had a brain fever. I became insane. I returned to reason in a paper-mad-house. I got my liberty in a terrible way, and was thrown into a workhouse, where I was kept for some time, and then released.

I wrote home to my father the whole terrible truth, and implored him to receive back his poor, wretched, broken-hearted daughter. He was a ragged mendicant, in a strange city, and God only knows with what answer to that letter. I waited days—I waited weeks—I waited months. None ever came. I was cast off then—abandoned—ruined for this world and for the next!

Oh! the suffering and degradation I was compelled to endure. At last Ralph Wagner offered me his protection and his hand. I accepted. We were married. He declared he loved me, and certainly treated me with respect and affection. I knew not then he was a housebreaker; and when I found it out I asked myself what better was I than he? I should leave him! So I have lived with him ever since, nearly two years, and now he is arrested, and I am again alone in the world. Such is my sad history, Doctor. Now tell me what to do?

Write again to your parents, said I, they may not have received your letter, or your note may have been misdirected.

I have sometimes hoped so, and I want to die in that delusion, if it be one! she eagerly rejoined. If I were to get an answer, now that they know my condition, and have cast me off forever, it might cause my poor brain again. Besides, I am no longer fit to be forgiven and received back among the good!

It is never too late to repent, I replied. Remember the words of Christ to the man who would have put to death the guilty woman for her crime: "HIS THAT IS WITH-

OUT SIN AMONG YOU, LET HIM FIRST CAST A STONE AT HER!" We all have our errors, and all need forgiveness.

After saying much more of a similar purport, I urged her, if she did not write to her parents herself, to give me their address and let me ascertain, in my own way, if they still lived and cared for her. She finally consented, and wrote the address on a slip of paper. I read it, sprang from my seat, and looked at her in perfect amazement. I understood it all, but I could scarcely credit my senses.

She was my sister's child!

I passed over the scene that followed this strange discovery.

It was all a mistake on her part—her letter had never reached her almost distracted parents, who had long mourned her as dead, or lost to them forever. She went home with me, and remained at my house till her fond and loving parents came to reclaim her. It was a fearful scene of commingled joy and grief when we all met under the same roof; and humbly on our knees, we all thanked God for the wonderful restoration of the lost one, who was plucked, indeed, as a brand from the burning, and saved in body, and, I trust, in soul.

Three years after, Ralph Wagner died in prison, and with him perished one portion of the guilty secret. I have purposely concealed all other names—but my sad story is none the less true notwithstanding.

Democracy.

Inasmuch as reference has of late been made to Hon. Wm. Allen's definition of Democracy, and as the quotation in many instances has been made inaccurately, we present below the passage entire. It occurs in a speech he made at the great Democratic Festival held in Lancaster, Ohio, on the 19th day of August 1837. It is the most correct definition of Democracy we have ever seen.

"Democracy is a sentiment not to be appalled, corrupted or compromised. It knows no baseness; it cowers to no danger; it oppresses no weakness. Fearless, generous and humane, it rebukes the arrogant, cherishes honor and sympathizes with the humble. It asks nothing but what it concedes; it concedes nothing but what it demands. Destructive only of despotism, it is the sole conservative of liberty and property. It is the sentiment of freedom, of equal rights, of equal obligations. It is the law of nature pervading the law of the land. The stupid, the selfish, and the base in spirit may denounce it as a vulgar thing, but in the history of our race, the Democratic principle has developed and illustrated the highest moral and intellectual attainments of our nature. Yes—that is noble, magnanimous, a sublime sentiment which expands our affections, enlarges the circle of our sympathies and elevates the soul of man, until claiming an equality with the best, he rejects as unworthy of his dignity, any political immunities over the humblest of his fellows. Yes—it is an ennobling principle—and may that spirit which animated our fathers, in the Revolutionary contest for its establishment, continue to animate us, their sons, in the impending struggle for its preservation."

Riches.

"Oh! if I had the power—if I were rich I would be so charitable!"—is a phrase, if not exactly expressed is very often implied, in the conversation of well meaning people; and undoubtedly, wealth is a powerful force for the use of which we are accountable in exact proportion to the extended range of action it affords. Still few individuals are so happily placed as not to have in some degree the power of benefiting their fellow creatures; and a long list of insignificant items will make up a large sum, it is astonishing how large an amount of happiness arises from the small character and trifling kindness of life. The sphere may be limited; but to those who really take pleasure in doing a "good turn" to a fellow creature, the opportunities are innumerable; and despite the dark colors in which some writers love to paint human nature, we believe the proportion who do take such pleasure to be a large one.

The Lincoln-Chase contest has extended into the women's department. Mrs. Lincoln having got a new French rig with all the posies, cost \$4,000. Miss Kate Chase "sees her and does her one better," by ordering a nice little \$6,000 arrangement, including a \$3,000 love of a shawl. Go it, greenbacks, while it is yet to-day.—Dayton (Ohio) Empire.

A fellow with a pug nose may be as unnatural as he pleases. As Nature has snubbed him, he has a right to snub Nature.

When you see a person continually snarling at and abuse those possessed of influence, you may know that he is like a dog at the foot of a tree: he barks because he cannot climb.

The city of Moscow, according to a census just taken, contains 345,000 inhabitants. Of this number 20,000 are nobility and 4,908 priests. There are 878 manufactories employing 44,458 workmen, 34 printing-offices, and 128 charitable establishments, giving an asylum to 4,197 men and 5,097 women.

A HEAVY JUDGMENT.—A judgment has been rendered in the District Court of San Jose County, California; against Daniel C. Vance and B. N. McCullough, for the immense sum of \$140,000,000. The suit was brought by Morris Wise, to recover on a note of \$1,300 given in January, 1861, at eight per cent. per month compound interest, the principal and interest amounting at this time to the above sum. The attorney for the plaintiff waived the little matter of \$140,000,000, and consented to let the judgment stand at \$20,000,000.

Seven thousand private carriages—mostly shoddy—appeared in Central Park, New York a few days ago.

When a ship goes into port, she usually steadies: when port goes into a man he usually reels.

## Precious Piety.

A Michigan lawyer, who writes a very bad hand, sends us the following. Several years ago I was practicing law in many beautiful towns in Wisconsin. One very warm day, while seated in my office at work, I was interrupted by the entrance of a boy the son of one of my clients, who had walked into town, six miles, in a blinding sun, for the purpose of procuring a Bible. He had been told, he said, that there was a place where they gave them away to people who had no money, and was very anxious to get one of the books, and asked me to go with him to the place where they were kept. Anxious to encourage him in his early piety, I left the brief on which I was and went with him over to the stand of a Presbyterian deacon, who had the much coveted books in charge. I introduced him to the deacon, telling him the circumstances. He praised the boy very highly; was delighted to see a young man so early seeking after the truth, etc., and presented him with the best bound Bible in his collection. The boy put the book in his pocket, and was starting off, when the deacon says:

"Now, my son, that you possess what you desired. I suppose that you feel perfectly happy?"

"Well I do, old hoss, for, between you and I, I know where I can trade it for a plaguey good fiddle."

FEMALE DRUMMER.—A girl, aged twelve years, giving the name of Chas. Martin, enlisted in a Pennsylvania regiment, nearly two years since, as a drummer boy. She had the advantage of education, could write a good hand, and compose very well. She made herself useful to officers of the regiment in the capacity of a clerk: was in five battles, but escaped unscathed. The officers never dreamed of her sex. A short time since she was taken sick of typhoid fever, a disease quite prevalent in Philadelphia, and was removed to the Pennsylvania hospital. A day or two since the matron of the institution discovered the drummer boy to be no more or less than a girl. Her parents who reside in Bucks county, have been advised of the facts by letter.—Phil. Press.

A darkey down South had obtained a license of the Baptists to preach. He was holding forth in the presence of many of his colored brethren at one time, when he undertook to describe the process of Adam's creation. Said he:

"When God made Adam, He stooped down, scraped up a little dirt, wet it a little, warm in the hands, and squeeze it in the right shape, and den lean it against the fence to dry."

"Top, dere," said our Universalist darkey. "You say dat are de fust man eber made?"

"Sartin," said the preacher.

"Den," said the other, "jes tell a feller whar dat ere fence come from?"

"Hush!" said the preacher, "two more questions like dat would spile all theology in the world!"

There is a pretty Persian apologue on the difference between mental and corporeal suffering. A king and his minister were discussing the subject, and differed in opinion. The minister said the first to be most severe, and to convince his sovereign of it, he took a lamb, broke its leg, shut it up with a tiger, which was bound by a chain, so that the beast could spring near but not seize the lamb, and put food also before him. The lamb with the broken leg had eaten up all the food placed before him; the other was found dead from fright.

Canteen.

The word "canteen" has had a curious history. It is perhaps the only word in our language, which, originally English, passed into a foreign tongue, and was afterwards taken back in a modified form. As originally spoken by the Saxon, it was simply *can*, but the Gaul, as is his wont, placing the *n* before the adjective and the letter *a*, brought out as *can*, pronounced *canteen*. Adopting a thousand other French military terms, the dull Englishman took back his own original word in a new shape, without any inquiries on the subject and hence we now say canteen instead of tin can.

HOW BATCHELORS WERE TREATED BY THE ANCIENTS.—In antiquity, it was considered unpatriotic in a citizen to remain a bachelor all his days. By the Spartan laws, those citizens who remained bachelors after middle age, were excluded from all offices, civil and military. At certain feasts there were exposed to public derision, and led around the market place. Although generally speaking, age was usually deeply respected at Sparta, yet this feeling was not manifested to them. "Why should I make way for you?" said a Spartan youth to a gray-headed old bachelor, "who will never have a son to do me the same honor when I am old." The Roman law pursued the same policy toward bachelors. They have to pay extra and special taxes, and under Augustus a law was enacted, by which bachelors were made incapable of acquiring legacies and devices of real estate by will, except from their relations. In canon law bachelors are joined to marry, or to profess chastity in earnest by becoming monks.

A tragic tale is told by the Hartford Press of a married man who used to live in that city, but whose business has lately kept him a good deal from home. During his absence, his wife, with his consent, sold his residence, but somehow he forgot it, and returned to the old home late at night, not long ago, went with perfect freedom and groped his way to his wife's bedroom. He was leisurely proceeding to disrobe himself, when a rustling in the bedclothes from which appeared two feminine heads, but unpleasantly vigorous screams, brought him to a consideration of his status. Apologies under those circumstances were of little avail, and with the whole female household in a terrible pitch of excitement the unfortunate intruder retreated. He said it was a mistake.

KEEP THE BIRTH DAYS.—A Western exchange makes the following excellent suggestions, which must meet the approbation of all youthful readers. We trust they will also be received with favor by the old folks: It says:

"Keep the birth days religiously, they belong exclusively to, and are treasured among the sweetest memories of home. Do not let anything prevent some token, be it ever so small, that it be remembered. Birth days are great events to children. For one day they are heroes. The special pudding or cake is made for them; a new jacket or trousers, with pockets, or the first pair of boots are donned; and big brothers and sisters sink into insignificance beside little Charlie who is 'six to day,' and is 'going to be a man. Mothers who have half a dozen little ones to care for, are apt to neglect birth days; they come to often—sometimes when they are 'nervous'—but if they only knew how much such occasions are cherished by their pet Son or Harry years afterward when away from the hearthstone and they have none to remind them that they have added one more year to the perhaps weary round of life, or to wish them, in old-fashioned phrase, many happy returns to their birth day,' they would never permit any cause to step between them and a mother's privilege."

Amusing Anecdote.

Daniel Webster had an anecdote of old Father Searl, the minister of his boyhood, which is too good to be lost. It was customary then to wear buckskins breeches in cool weather. One Sunday morning in autumn, Father Searl brought his breeches down from the garret, but the wasps had taken possession during the summer, and were having a nice time in them. By dint of effort he got out the trousers and dressed for meeting, but while reading the scriptures to the congregation he felt a dagger from one of the enraged small-waisted fellows, and jumping around the pulpit slapping his thighs. But the more he slapped and danced, the more they stung. The people thought him crazy, but he explained the matter by saying: "Brethren, don't be alarmed—the word of the Lord is in my mouth, but the devil is in my breeches!" Webster always told it with great glee to the ministers.

I was Once Young.

It is an excellent thing, for all who are engaged in giving instructions to young people, frequently to call to mind what they were themselves, when young. This practice is one which is most likely to impart patience and forbearance, and to correct unreasonable expectations. At one period in my life, when instructing two or three young people to write, I found them, as I thought, unusually stupid. I happened, about this time, to look over the contents of an old copy book, written by me when I was a boy. The thick up-strokes, the crooked down strokes, the awkward jointing of letters, and the blots made in the book made me completely ashamed of myself, and I could at the moment, have buried the book into the fire. The worse, however, I thought of myself, the better I thought of backward scholars. I was cured of my unreasonable expectations, and became in future doubly patient, and forbearing. In teaching youth, remember that you once were young, and in reproving youthful errors, endeavor to call to mind your own.

DREAMING IN CHURCH.—At Ballston Spa on Sunday afternoon, fatigued with his long journey, a wagoner, with his son John, drove his team into a barn, and determined to pass the Sabbath in enjoying a season of worship with the good people of the village. When the time for worship arrived John was sent to watch the team while the wagoner went in with the crowd. The preacher had hardly announced his subject before the old man fell sound asleep. He sat against the partition in the center of the body slip; just over against him, separated by a very low partition, sat a flashy lady who seemed all absorbed in the sermon. She struggled hard with her feelings, but unable to control them any longer, she burst out with a loud scream, and shouted at the top of her voice, arousing the old man, who, half awake, threw his arm around her wrist, and cried, very soothingly: "Whoa, Nancy! Whoa, Nancy! Here, John," calling his son, "cut the belly-band and loosen the breechin quick, or she'll tear every thing to pieces!" —Albany Times.

A new paper mill, capable of manufacturing 2,000 pounds of paper per day, is being erected at Indianapolis. The high price of paper has induced the erection of many new mills during the last year.

Little Charlie came to the table very hungry, and he had his fork in a potato, and the potato transferred to his plate before he thought of the usual blessing. Looking up at his father he says, "Pa, you talk to Heaven while I smash my potato." His hunger made him wish to improve every moment.

Josey, a little boy, being rather remiss in his Sunday School lessons, the teacher remarked:

"Why, Josey, you have not a very good memory, have you?"

"No, ma'am," replied he, "but I've got first rate forgett'ry."

An exchange says, "Generals Grant, Gilmore and Rosecrans are all of the Methodist persuasion." Not so. All these Generals are Catholics, and belong to that persuasion which one of Lincoln's mouthpieces, Raymond, of the New York Times, said, "must be driven from this country after we have conquered the rebellion."

"HANDCUFFS FOR FREEDOM"—"Chain-gangs of White Men"—these are some of the feeble terms that faintly shadow forth the inexpressible degradation and slavery to which the American people have fallen in the third year of the war for the Nigger.